

OCALA EVENING STAR

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Ocala needs a trolley line to Silver Springs.

Ocala needs to use the Oklawaha river for all it is worth. It's worth a great deal.

Ocala needs about ten thousand swift kicks right where they will do the most good.

Wilson is too busy to pay any attention to his critics.

Money is a good thing to have, but God have mercy on the man who has nothing else.

Sturkie should learn to clap his eyelids with a loud report when he winks.

The Allies say they have brought down thirty-five Zeppelins, but they can't show the scalps.

Some wisehead has doped it out that great men are always lonely. That should console old bachelors.

The Albanian mountaineers are giving the Austrians who garrison their country an immense amount of trouble.

Man in Jacksonville named Stone killed his wife Wednesday night. Here is a small bet that he isn't given more than ten years.

The Tampa Tribune made a good hit when it said that Tom Marshall chews tobacco, Wilson chews gum and Hughes chews the rag.

The opinion is beginning to spread that the German general staff made a miscalculation in regard to Verdun. It wasn't the first miscalculation said staff made, however.

It's the pacifying influence of those hundred thousand national guardsmen on the Mexican border that makes the land of the Aztecs rather scarce on the first pages these days.

One of the troubles about women in politics is that when a woman takes sides with a candidate she won't believe anything against him, even if she knows it is true.

Fashion note says that skirts are coming down. There are so many pretty feet and ankles, and—in Ocala that we hope they won't come down more than an inch.

When the greasers look at the thousands of tents along the Rio Grande, they can't help concluding that the report that all Americans were too proud to fight was possibly a mistake.

The Star begs leave to inform people who say a democratic party should support the leaders of its party in wrong as well as in right that they can buy a pretty good parrot for about two dollars.

The fine Italian hand of Germany is seen in the refusal of the upper house of the Danish parliament to sell St. Thomas to America. If the allies do not whip the Germans, the Americans will have to fight them.

What is the reason that Gainesville merchants can undersell Ocala merchants right in their own territory? Is it lack of enterprise on the part of Ocala, or is it unfair freight rates? If it's the latter, it can be remedied.

At the meeting of the state democratic executive committee in Jacksonville yesterday, Geo. P. Raney of Tampa was re-elected chairman. Doesn't look much like the committee was dominated by Catts.

The Miami preachers are on their ears about the scanty bathing suits in use at the beaches near the Magic City. Preachers can tell us, if they want to, that they would like to see a woman swimming in a Mother Hubbard—but we wouldn't believe them.

The board of commissioners of Wakulla county has endorsed Catts for governor. If the board of commissioners of Wakulla county was made up of intelligent men instead of narrow-minded partisans it would know it has no right as a board to endorse any candidate.

The Star is reliably informed that a whole lot of Marion county meat will be shipped to Gainesville this fall and winter, and Gainesville goods will be brought into Marion county in return. We don't blame Gainesville for being a live town, but we think it's time Ocala took care of her own.

When a Marion county farmer can go to Gainesville, buy wire enough to fence his farm, have it shipped to a station half a dozen miles from Ocala, and haul it in wagons half dozen miles more, and yet save a hundred dollars of the sum he would have paid

REMINISCENCE

VI.

Editor Star: In concluding my last number I stated that it was my intention to abandon following up the movements of our regiment and company and recording things that occurred in chronological order, and that if I wrote again I would select such occurrences and affairs as I thought might interest, at least some, of your readers and write of them without regard to the time they took place. That plan still impresses me as being best and I am going to carry it out except in such cases as the period during the war when they took place will add to the interest or impressiveness of the matter I am relating. Now let us go back to Cole's Island where we were when I closed my last article. We had little to do while on this island except to drill and be trained in all of the duties of a soldier—so as to fit and prepare us to give a good account of ourselves should the day ever come (as it did) when good and effective work would be required of us. We made good use of the time and opportunities thus afforded us and we afterwards came to know that it was time and labor well spent. By the time we left Cole's Island, men who had come from every walk in life, and who, when they enlisted, knew little or nothing about drilling or any other duty of a soldier, were well drilled and trained in these matters besides being seasoned and physically fitted for active service. Many of the officers were about as ignorant at the outset of military tactics as the men. An episode which occurred on Cole's Island will serve to illustrate that point. One day the regiment was called out for battalion drill and Col. Hagood wanted a certain maneuver performed and gave the proper command as follows: "Attention, battalion! Change front forward on fifth company. Right wing about face. By company right half wheel, march! Forward, march, guide right." (Hardee's Tactics). Nine of the companies managed to come thru without much trouble, but one of the companies got badly muddled and confused and went off at a tangent in a reckless attempt to execute the movement. Col. Hagood lost his patience, somewhat, and called out in a loud voice, "Where in hell are you going Capt. —? Your men's legs look like a basket of coals!" Whereupon the captain yelled at the top of his voice, "Company halt!" With the assistance of the adjutant he managed to get his company back into line. That same captain afterwards developed into a good officer and before the war ended was major of a regiment. And so it was. Officers and men all needed the training and all took a pride in doing their best study and practice to become fitted and efficient for the work of soldiers, so that by the time we left Cole's Island we could truthfully be called well trained soldiers. We had been there from the latter part of August '61 to sometime along in the first days of May '62. During that period of our service we did not lack for food or clothing. Rations were abundant and good clothing plentiful and comfortable. We were paid off in good money—gold, silver and bills, of the Bank of the State of South Carolina, all worth 100 cents to the dollar. I have a two-dollar bill of that bank in my pocket this minute, dated 9th April, 1862. All in all we had a good time on Cole's Island.

to

to buy the wire in Ocala, there is something wrong, and it's time our business men were making it right.

Editor Frank Harris of the Ocala Banner will be one of the democratic electors for Florida. There is no question of his election, and he should be chosen to carry the electoral vote of the state to Washington.

Ben Raysor, out at Lowell, is a staunch advocate of Catts, therefore his neighbors try to tease him by calling him Catts. Another Ben here in town is opposed to Catts, therefore the would-be wits call him Catts. Knowing that the average American will have his joke, whether there is any point to it or not, both Bens take the chaff good-humoredly.

It should be observed that the story that Catts killed a negro in Alabama, and was acquitted on a plea of insanity, is being spread by Catts and his partisans. We heard of it weeks ago, but have not referred to it. Up to this week we had seen no reference to it in any paper except the Jacksonville Free Press, one of Catts' organs.

It won't be long before almost every farmer in this section has an auto. Ocala sells fifty cars to one buggy, and buggies are so scarce on our city streets that when one is seen now it is stared at almost as much as an auto was a dozen years ago. Even out on the country roads one will see half a dozen motor cars to one horse-drawn vehicle.

A bunch of the officers and seamen of the two German warships interned at Newport News broke their paroles, made their way to Germany and went on the kaiser's warships. On receiving proof of these dishonorable acts, our state department protested. The German government expressed regrets, but hasn't sent back the men.

It is no wonder that Catts is opposed to the high schools. The gentleman who presides the classic effusions sent out by the Catts publicity committee evidently quitted when he attained the seventh grade.

The necessity of keeping one eye on the typewriter keys and the other on an open door that has the villainous habit of treating bill collectors as if they were real people doesn't give much inspiration to a paragrapher.—Tampa Times.

We always invite bill collectors to come in and make themselves at home, and after a pleasant chat on the weather, politics and the crops we ask them to take us across the street and buy us a drink. We believe in treating bill collectors like they were human.

The white paper famine would be considerably relieved if everybody had been keeping a file of the Congressional Record and should send all of their copies back to the mills to be worked over.—Pensacola News.

There never would have been any white paper famine if it hadn't been for printing the Congressional Record and other superfluities.

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During the winter months we feasted on oysters to the heart's, or stomach's, content. Green creek which separated the island from the one lying next between us and James Island, was full of fine oysters and when the tide was down we built fires near an oyster bed and then roasted and ate those delicious bivalves until we had taken on as large a cargo amidship as could comfortably be stowed away. There was one man in our company, however, who never left the creek until the tide drove him away. His name was Reynolds—Dr. Sarah Reynolds—a genial, jovial comrade. He used to say that if the tide did not run him away that he could keep on eating until he could hide behind the empty shells, and always seemed to regret that the tide would not hold itself back until he proved the assertion. Writing about Doc Reynolds calls to my mind another character in our company and a little matter which he pulled off while our company was on Goat Island acting as artillerymen. This party was Corporal B. M. Shuler. We used to call him "Porgy," because in his architectural structure he seemed to fill the build exactly of Capt. Porgy, one of the characters of William Gilmore Simms in several of his revolutionary romances. Porgy was like the earth in one respect—his largest proportion was around the equator, but here the comparison ends, for he was not "slightly flattened at the poles," for he was quite tall enough and his limbs well proportioned. He was a jolly, happy-go-lucky fellow, laughed much and when he laughed he laughed all over. Now Porgy had a lady's gold watch and neck chain. It was a beautiful and valuable outfit, and he determined to raffle it off for 250 chances at one dollar a chance. Any one could take as many chances as he wished provided he had the coin. I took one chance and put up my simoleon. The chances were soon all taken and the time fixed when all who had taken chances were to meet at the corporal's tent to see who was to be the lucky one to own that watch and chain. It was to be decided by throwing dice, the one throwing the highest number being the winner. Three dice cubes were used and three throws allowed, thus giving a possible maximum score of 54. I did not get to the appointed place until late and 248 of the 250 chances had been thrown for and no one had scored over 48. I then threw and scored 51 and there was only one more chance to be thrown for and that was held by a private by the name of W. A. Moody, who came in just as my score had been announced. He looked at the record and turned to me and said, "Give me five dollars for my chance and you may have it." I said, "No, sir, it is useless for you to throw for you can't beat my score." He then said, "Well give me my dollar back and you may have my chance." I still declined as I felt cock sure that he would never go over or reach my score. He then said, "All right; give me the bones." He threw, and—jack est alia—he scored 52! As old Aesop said, "heac fabula docet," that a bird you think is in your hand is still in the bush—though this is no fable. Well, I expect somebody will say, "Served you right; you had no business gambling." Probably it was gambling—I am not debating that question just now, but if it was gambling then how about Moody? Why did it not hit him in the neck instead of spending its entire dynamic force on a poor "innocent-by-stander" like me? In the nine months we spent on Cole's Island there were only two affairs that broke the monotony of the regular camp duties and caused some excitement among the troops. There were always one or more war vessels of the blockading squadron lying out guarding the Stono Inlet to prevent any blockade runner coming in or going out. Every once in awhile some daring sea captain of the merchant marine would run out with a cargo of cotton and if he got away all right, as they sometimes did; later on he would come back with a cargo of arms, coffee, drugs, etc., and then make a dash to get into some port in the Confederacy. So the blockading squadron was kept busy all along the coast watching for and trying to capture these daring blockade runners. One day one of the blockading squadron was seen steaming slowly into the inlet towards Cole's Island, with her deck cleared for action. The assembly was beat and in short order our troops were all under arms, with Lucas' battalion manning the guns at Fort Palmetto and the Edisto Rifles manning the battery on Goat Island. Slowly and cautiously the war vessel came steaming in towards us, while we at our guns were ready and anxious for her to get within range of our shot. Presently from the port side, puff! puff! and two white patches of smoke were seen to arise and very quickly the water in the bay was torn and splashed by two solid shot aimed apparently at Fort Palmetto, but they fell short. We knew she was not within range of our guns, so we waited for her to come in nearer without replying to her. She steamed in a little closer and fired three more guns, this time using shells and apparently aimed at the infantry camps, but they also fell short and exploded half mile away from the island. Our boys then jumped up on the parapet of the fort and battery and waived our hats or caps and beckoned them to come on in, but they did not accept our invitation, but turned tail and started out, and just as she did that our battery and Fort Palmetto each fired a couple of solid shot at her. We knew she was too far for our guns to reach when we did it, but we just wanted to "have the last word." We thought possibly

we would exasperate her and she would come back, but she did not—she probably thought that we had not used our heaviest artillery and was setting a trap for her, so she steamed out to her usual station and resumed her watch for blockade runners. One other exciting incident took place before we left Cole's Island. It occurred between 2 a. m. and dawn of day. While everybody, except the sentinels on duty and the officers of the guard, were sleeping their sweetest sleep and many, maybe, dreaming sweet dreams of home loved ones, and sweethearts, all were suddenly aroused by the rattle of the drum beating the "long-roll" calling all of the troops to arms. To those who have never heard it under similar circumstances let me tell you that men get wide awake very quickly and so it was that before the drum ceased its rapid rat-a-tat-tat we heard its sound punctuated by the rapid boom! boom! of cannon out at sea and not far from the entrance to our island. Very soon the troops were all under arms and aligned at their respective positions. The booming of the cannons was still heard and the flash of the firing could be seen and the resemblance to distant lightning and thunder was very striking. We soon discovered, however, that instead of approaching Stono Inlet that it was getting farther away. We soon formed the conclusion that a blockade runner had tried to run into the inlet and the blockade had sighted her and was chasing and firing at her. This afterwards proved to be true, but the blockade runner was too fleet on her heels and her commander too familiar with the ins and outs of the coast to be easily caught, and so eluded the blockade and hid away in some creek and the next night succeeded in making port safely at Port Royal. The sentinels on duty at our post had seen several different colored rockets go up from the blockade lying off Stono and at once called for the corporal of the guard and reported the fact and the corporal at once reported it to the officer of the guard and he to the commander of the post. By that time the rocket signals had been followed by the boom of a cannon shot and the order was at once made to call the entire force to arms. I heard that same call to arms sounded many times after that, both in the day and at night, and when at night we were in line and ready for action much quicker than we did that night on Cole's Island, because on the island there was no imminent danger threatening us and our long, peaceful stay there enabled us to do safely what we could not afford to do later on, so we prepared for rest at night by making ourselves as comfortable as conditions would allow, and so had to clothe ourselves before we could go out and fall in line. But there came times and conditions afterwards when mother earth was our bed, and we gladly laid ourselves upon her fully clothed (with such clothes as we had) with our cartridge boxes as pillows and our rifles as our dearest bed-fellows. Then when the alarm was sounded all we had to do was to jump up, get in line and were ready for action. Along in the first part of '62 the forces on Cole's Island were increased by the coming of what was known as the Eutaw battalion, which consisted of two companies from Charleston—the Washington Light Infantry, Companies A and B—under command of Major Charles H. Simonton. This was the nucleus of what was afterwards the Eutaw or 25th regiment, S. C. V., to which the Edisto Rifles belonged after they enlisted for "three years or the war," when their first year's enlistment expired.

But this number is long enough, so whatever I may have to say about the Eutaw regiment I will have to postpone until another day.
Laurie T. Izlar.

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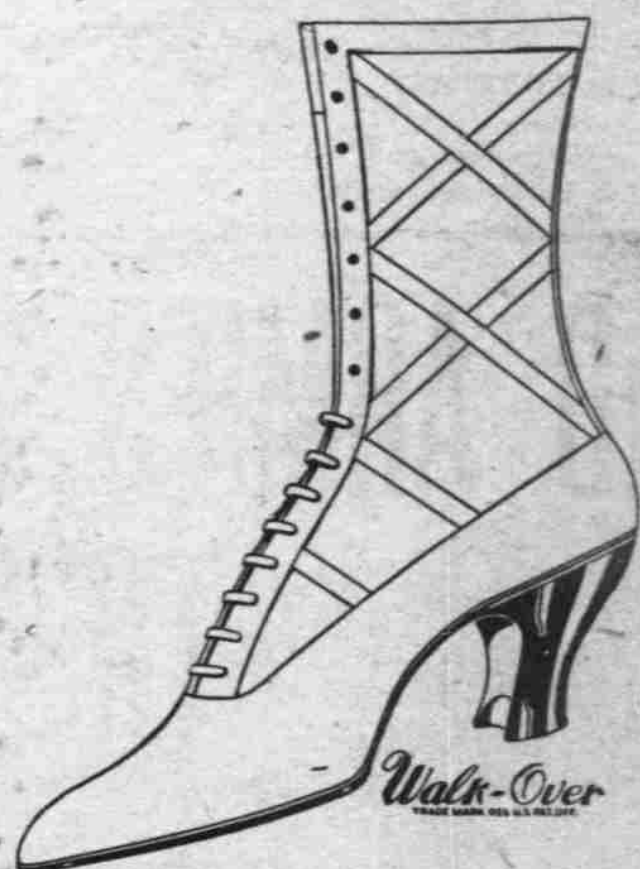
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